

NUMBER 310

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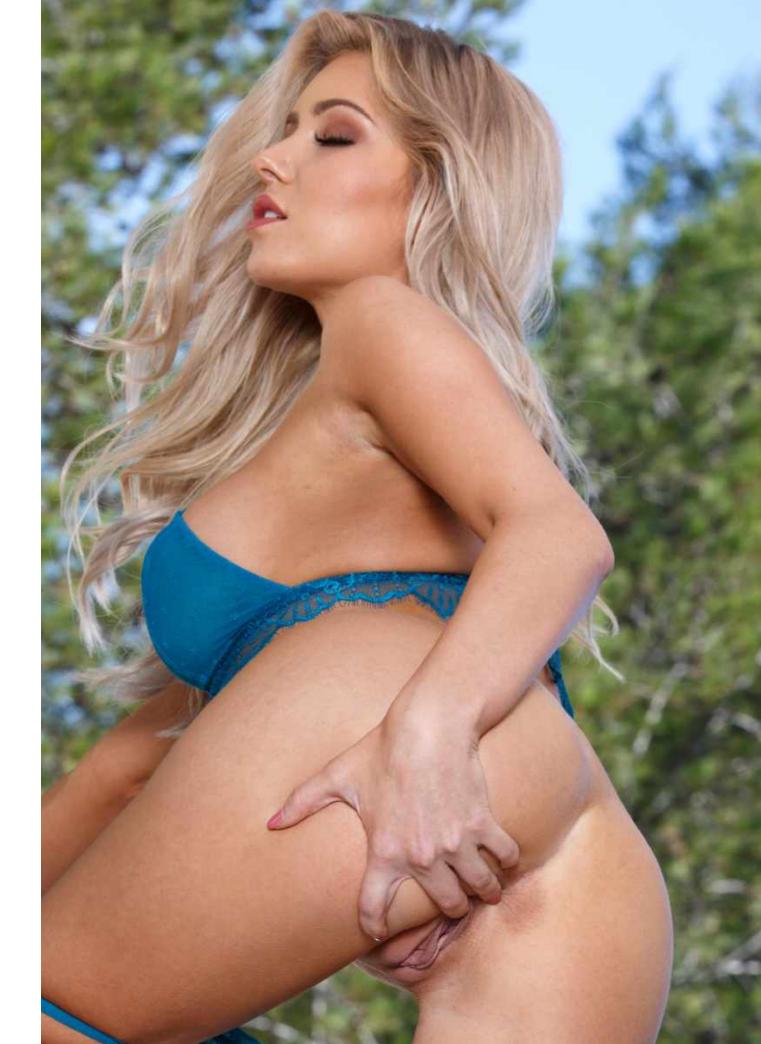






My birthday was two days ago, but that was Thursday and now it's Saturday and it's time for my birthday present. My boyfriend has been out of town for a few weeks and will be for a couple more. So I got myself a beautiful and useful present. It's crystal clear with colored bands around it and a flower on top.

















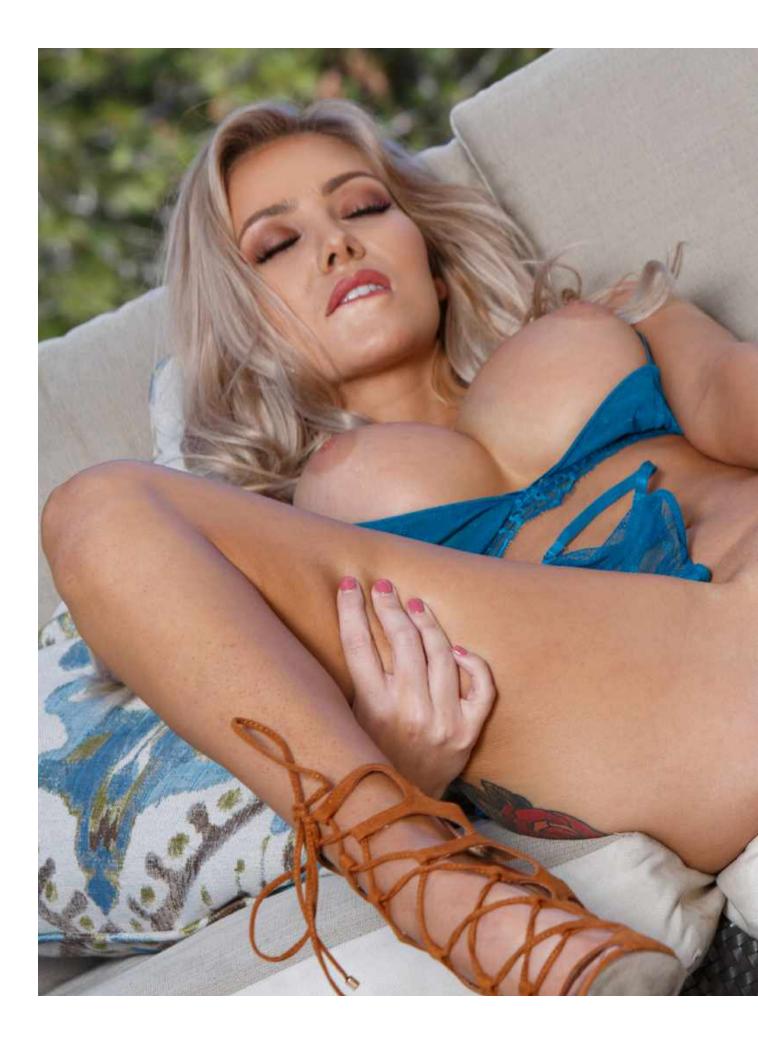




















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These lovely ladies just finished filming and interviewing a major political figure. The resort's game room is a perfect venue for some after work hanky panky. Cytherea offers herself to get things going and soon they are all pretty much naked and at each other's bodies. It's an interesting way to chill out when the job is done.



































INTIMATE THOUGHTS AND XXX ADVICE CROTCH ROCKET

Ed's dick was limp. Scotty's was not. Case closed.

I stroked and jerked and tugged on Ed's sweaty cock to no avail. He might as well have had a banana peel between his legs.

Of course I knew what the problem was. Ed was drunk, so damned drunk that he couldn't get it up. Unfortunately this was becoming more and more commonplace. I couldn't even remember the last time we fucked.

"This is ridiculous," I said.

"Sorry, babe," Ed remarked lamely.

We had found a fairly secluded, out of the way spot beside the lake to get it on. Still, I could hear the gang raising hell. Sultans of Slime, they called themselves. Ed was a founding member of the infamous biker brotherhood.

Now Ed zipped up his filthy jeans and reached for me. I pushed him away, shaking my head. He mumbled something as I left him leaning against a tree. I topped a grassy rise to behold an all too familiar site.

The Sultans of Slime were doing what they did best. The drunken bikers were pulling wheelies in the grass, hooping and hollering and raising their fists in rebellious triumph. My fellow biker babes had taken refuge in the shade. Huddled around a cooler, they were guzzling ice cold beer and sharing a joint. I thought about joining them, but decided against this. I needed to be alone, needed to think.

It took me a good fifteen minutes to reach the highway. The sun was blazing, the temperature soaring. I walked along the gravel shoulder, sullen as ever. I had no destination in mind. I just wanted to keep moving. Maybe I would turn around in a few minutes, and return to the lake. Then again, maybe not; perhaps I would leave the gang forever. A fresh start sounded kind of nice.

Upon sight of the gas station I breathed a sigh of relief. The store was cool, somewhat dim, a great place

to take a nap. I inquired about the ladies room. The proprietor, a wizened old fellow with few teeth, handed me the key.

"Around back," he said, rheumy eyes roving all over my nineteen-year-old body.

My summer attire—halter top, denim miniskirt, and leather boots—gave him much to inspect. Key in hand, I walked out the door, certain that he was leering at my tight teen ass.

The facility wasn't half bad.

Old, yet clean.

I stood at the sink and splashed cold water on my face; instantly rejuvenated, I decided to take matters into my own hands, literally. I sat on the edge of the sink, boots dangling inches above the floor, and pulled up my skirt. I yanked the halter down, exposing my perky tits.

My pussy was wet, ready.

Pushing my panties aside, I fingered my slit with one hand, and kneaded my tits with the other. Hot juices coated my finger as I slid it in and out of my fuck hole, in and out, faster and faster. I stopped playing with my tits, dropping that hand to take care of my clit. I rubbed the swollen bud with precision, rubbed it while fucking myself with the other hand. One finger was no longer enough. Now I had three fingers doing the job. I plunged them to the knuckles, stretching my tight cunt; all the while continuing to massage my clit with the other hand. I was a masturbatory machine, everything working in perfect tandem.

Still, I longed for my dildo. I would've loved to ram the toy up my asshole, slamming my pooper, while fingering my pussy. The dildo was back at the lakeside, safely stowed in a backpack with the rest of my worldly possessions. What can I say? Biker babes travel light. It's all part of the nomadic lifestyle.

Improvise, I thought.

Hiking my legs, I scooted back as far as I could. The spigot pressed against my back. I spread myself, opening my backdoor for the other hand. My glistening finger slid in with ease; first one, then two, and finally three. I worked them in and out of my ass, stretching my donut hole with piston-like strokes. I licked my lips, savoring the pleasure, basking in the delicious sensations rippling through my lithe, young body.

I was getting close, damned close. I raised my other hand, returning to my clit, which begged for stimulation. Rubbing my nub with one hand, plowing my ass with the other, wet squelching sounds reverberating off the bath-

room walls, I moaned and groaned and wailed as my ecstasy reached its zenith.

It took me several minutes to recover. I washed up and returned the key to the proprietor. Luckily I had a few sweaty dollars in my pocket. I bought a bottle of water for the road. The orgasm had cleared my head, allowed me to think clearly, and reach an important decision.

I would return to the lake, retrieve my backpack, and say goodbye to Ed and the Sultans of Slime forever.

Chugging water, I exited the store. My boots kicked up dust as I cut between a pair of weathered fuel pumps. The highway stretched into the distance like a black ribbon. I walked with purpose.

The bottle was empty in no time. It felt even hotter now. The sun baked my neck and shoulders. My legs ached. The boots hurt my feet.

I wished I had my very own bike, just like Ed's.

No, forget that. Not like Ed's. The Sultans of Slime rode choppers, panheads. They swore by them, worshiped them, elevating their respective steeds to the status of deities. I sometimes wondered if Ed fucked his bike. It wouldn't have surprised me, not in the least.

I walked along the desolate shoulder, wracking my brain for the right machine, the type of bike that I would be proud to call my very own.

And that's when I heard it—

It sounded nothing like Ed's panhead; his bike was deep, gruff, guttural, a grumpy bellowing from bowels made of American steel. This was the exact opposite: high-pitched, whining, wailing. The sound was getting louder and louder. I turned around as the thing zoomed past like a missile. It must've been doing 100 mph.

Crotch rocket...

I stood there, awestruck, as the aerodynamic shape became smaller and smaller. Ed and his cronies hated that type of bike, regarding the Japanese imports and their devotees as one regards fresh dog shit on the bottom of their shoe.

I saw a red brake light in the distance, heard a change in pitch as the bike decelerated. It was turning around. The crotch rocket was coming back. The sleek, sexy machine crossed the middle line, its tires crunching gravel as it stopped before me. The driver was a total mystery, his face concealed behind a black shield. Despite the heat, he wore a black bodysuit; no doubt as protection in the event of a crash. He cut the engine and, still straddling the bike, removed his helmet.

He was ruggedly handsome: blonde hair swept to the side, penetrating blue eyes, square jaw accented with a five o'clock shadow.

"It's too hot to be walking along the side of the road," he said.

"This from a guy wearing a leather bodysuit," I countered



"Yeah, well, safety first."

I thought about telling him to slow down, but nixed the idea. I didn't want to press my luck. This guy could very well be my knight in shining armor; he could give me a ride back to the lake, and maybe even something else. Perhaps he could take over where limp dick Ed had failed.

He asked me where I was headed.

"The lake," I said.

"Hop on."

He handed me a helmet identical to his own. I straddled the bike, wrapping my arms around his body. He was firm, muscular. The bike came to life. The vibrations between my legs felt fantastic. I had a good feeling about this, damned good. Something told me I was in for one hell of a ride.

"Hang on," he said.

We made it to the lake in no time. The party had kicked into another gear during my absence. Everybody was skinny dipping, even my fellow biker babes; they had abandoned their cooler in the shade for a refreshing dip. This was a good thing. With the Sultans of Slime predisposed, I didn't have to worry about them picking a fight with my new friend. No doubt they would have loved to stomp his ass, if for no other reason than his choice of

bike.

"Leave her running," I said. "This won't take long."

I retrieved my backpack from Ed's saddlebag. Blondie was no fool; peering at the denim jackets strewn on the grass, each and every one adorned with multiple patches, he added it up rather quickly.

"Sultans of Slime," he said. "So you're a biker babe?"
"Used to be. I'm getting out."

"Care to tell me why?"

"Maybe later. Come on, man. We need to get out of here before they come back."

He didn't pursue the topic. We got out of there with much haste, leaving the Sultans of Slime in our wake. I didn't regret my decision, not one damned bit.



And I didn't look back.

We found a cheap roadside motel with a decent restaurant. Hours on the road in the hot sun had left us famished. Blondie had a steak. I had a cheeseburger and a mound of French fries. He said his name was Scotty; he had recently quit his job to hit the open road. Scotty had no plan, no destination in mind, nothing but a dogged determination to be free and experience life in the raw.

The waitress refilled our water glasses. "You folks care for some dessert? We've got a delicious apple pie."

We both declined. She placed our check on the table and moved on. Scotty said, "You never answered my question."

"What do you want to know?"

"Why did you quit the gang?"

"Wasn't getting what I wanted. It's as simple as that."

"And what is it that you want?"

"I could tell you," I said, "but I'd rather show you."

We returned to our room. The meal had given me a much needed boost of energy. I felt strong, fully recovered from the long ride, and ready to fuck. Scotty felt the same way. He locked the door and peeled his bodysuit. I shucked my panties, hiked my skirt, and leaned back on the bed. I spread my legs, granting him an unobstructed gander of my pussy. He moved to the bed, his cock leading the way.

I emitted a breathy sigh as he buried his face between my slender thighs. His tongue lapped my pink lips, sampling my nectar. It wasn't long before he began nibbling and suckling my clit, driving me wild with pleasure. I moved my fingers through his thick blonde hair, thrusting my hips as I did so. Scotty was an expert pussy eater. I could tell that he truly enjoyed the act. I pushed my halter top down, and played with my tits, tweaking and pinching the nipples as his tongue darted in and out of my cunt.

I wanted him to fuck me something fierce. Still, I was

nothing if not a generous lover. Time to return the favor.

"Let me taste your beautiful cock."

Scotty stood before me, hands on his hips. I hopped off the bed and knelt. I gripped his shaft, stroking him as I sucked, achieving a perfect rhythm, stroke-suck-stroke-suck. He grunted and groaned. Still jerking his prick, I dipped low and sucked his balls, feasting on them as my hand continued to slide up and down his prick. I took him to the edge of the cliff, then stopped.

"I want it, Scotty. I want you to fuck me, baby."

I sat on the edge of the bed, assuming the same position as before. Scotty grabbed my ankles; he pushed my legs back until my thighs pressed against my ribs. His spit-shiny cock slid in with ease, skewering my long neglected pussy.

Finally!

A real man, a man who didn't drink so much that he couldn't get it up, a man

who could fuck me the way I deserved to be fucked! He plowed me with forceful thrusts, slamming his cock in and out of my cunt, plunging it to the hilt. Scotty went deep, tapping my core as I diddled my clit, heightening my pleasure to an otherworldly level.

He pulled out; grabbing my hips, he flipped me over. I angled my back just so, elevating my ass for rear entry. He rammed it home, filling me with every inch of his hard cock. Then he proceeded to fuck me good and proper, hammering my pussy from behind. Fingers digging into my hips, he thrust with power and speed.

"Oh, yeah! Just like that! Fuck me hard, baby!"

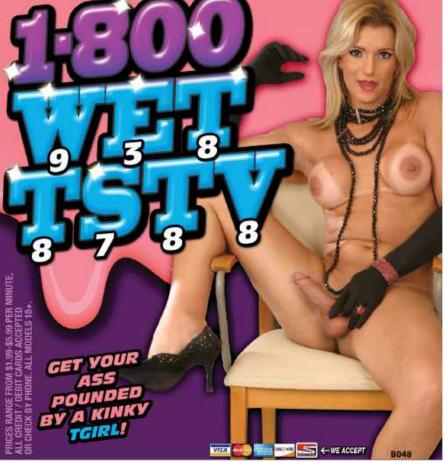
It wasn't long before I came; this, scant seconds before he blew his load. I felt the hot jizz coating my ass. We collapsed in a heap. Neither of us said a word. The air conditioner chugged, cooling our sweaty flesh. I fell asleep. When I awoke an hour later Scotty was taking a shower. I joined him, and we fucked again.

We checked out of the motel at the crack of dawn. Scotty asked me if I wanted to join him on his journey. Of course I said yes. This was months ago.

And we're still having a blast.





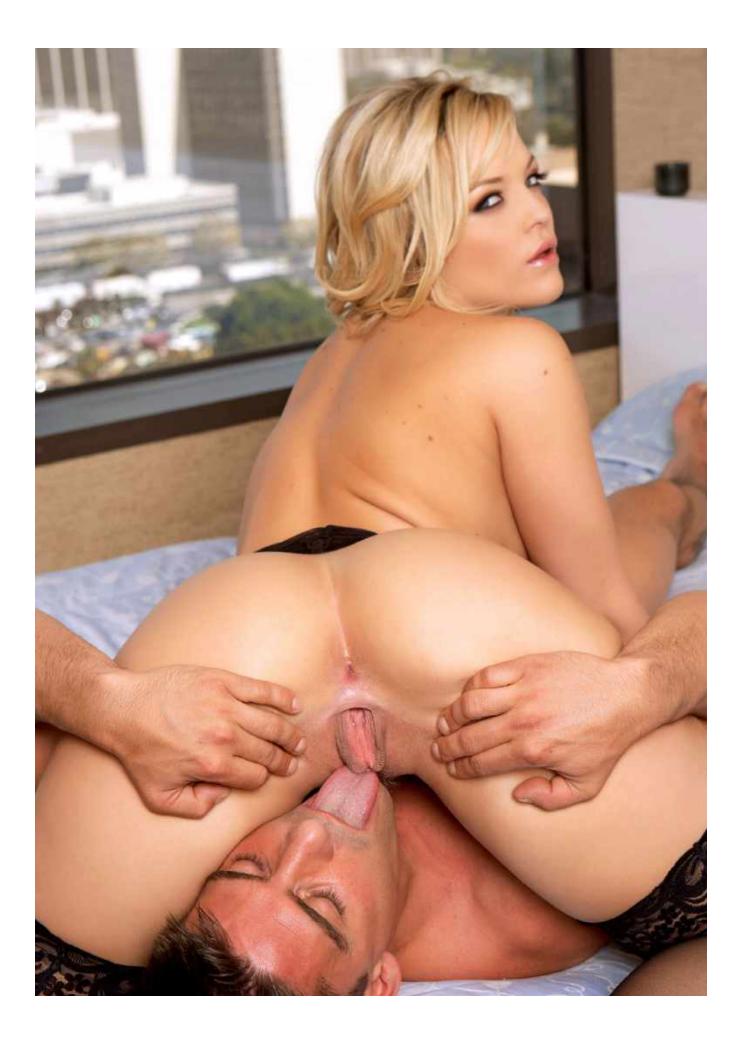


























































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So there's a knock at the back door and it's Sledge looking ready for action. I tell him to drop trou and immediately I start on his big cock. I love the taste of cock in the afternoon, and I love to have it deep in my pussy. I get all wet and horny waiting for it to plunge inside me. But my mouth and pussy are not enough for his huge cock.





























LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Letters that should or shouldn't have been written, but you sent them to us anyway!

LOVE POTION

No one exactly knows how the orgy started, but we all have our own theories. Some say the DJ put some sort of hypnosis message in the music. A few others said it was some sort of spell. I think I saw someone pouring something into the drinks, some sort of love potion. Whatever it was, it was effective.

The party was low key, a couple dozen friends enjoying the break before exams. We had a few drinks, but it wasn't until late, about half an hour after I thought I saw someone at the drink station before the heat turned up. It was like a wave through all of us.

Suddenly warming up and feeling like we had to start pulling off our shirts. The guys started with a few of the chicks following along at about the same time. Only a few of the girls were wearing bras, so it didn't take long for the guys to start noticing.

And as it kept getting hotter, more of the bras and bikini tops came off. My buddies and I weren't sure exactly what was happening, until one of them, I forget who, reached out to grab the first girl next to him. She smirked and pulled him up by his nipples to start making out with him.

As soon as the bubble was burst, the entire party seemed to switch in an instant. Piles of flesh started to form as bodies came together. Shorts, underwear, bikini bottoms,

everything and else constricting was thrown aside. Pairs groped at each other, while triples and quads came together with girls going between a dick in each hand. Others walked around, leaving a kiss here or there, and occasionally joining group long enough to get their dick sucked or their titties fondled and devoured.

I walked around, stroking my cock as I found different groups to satisfy. There was one girl who was massaging a dick and a pussy with her feet. Another guy was rubbing his cock through a chick's boobs, while I eventually found myself surrounded by three girls who'd been making out with each other.

I fell back on the couch they guided me to, their

hands all over me as they made my cock part of their make out. All three of their tongues lashed and whipped around the head, quickly finding the light coats of precum already oozing out.

They laid me back. The moans from around the room were getting louder, more rhythmic. It was getting heavier. Looking around, I could see that several of the guys had found a girl to start banging, with a few staying around their

<u>ALL THREE OF THEIR TONGUES LASHED AND WHIPPED AROUND THE HEAD FINDING PRECUM OOZING</u>

mouths for a spit roast. My girls, though, still wanted my attention. One of them found her way onto my lap, letting my dick slide deep inside as she quickly started to grind my throbbing meat. The others sat on either side of me, their boobs in my face as they leaned forward to lick the third's chest themselves.

They kept me hidden away, with nothing but their enormous chests to see and feel around my face.













Yet, I could tell there was a steady stream of pussies moving over my dick. Each girl seemed to be taking a turn, then passing me along, to whom, I had no idea. I was constantly hidden away and just a piece of meat to them, which was fine with me.

Each girl had their own way, their own style, and I was enjoying them so much I tried to hold on as long as I could. Finally, I couldn't hold it any longer and ended up spraying a fountain deep inside of someone who quickly pulled off as several hands reached out to grab my throbbing, erupting cock, each one taking their turn to milk it, sending me over the edge at least a couple more times.

When I finally calmed down, I had a girl I didn't recognize from earlier leaning against my side. I looked up and around. About half the room was already spent, and most of the rest looked close to, or in the process of, exploding. The smell of sex and pheromones was everywhere, and there were dozens of arms and legs up in the air.

Eventually, we calmed down from whatever heated us up in the first place, and we tried to figure out what happened, but all anyone could agree on was that our next party was going to be a sex party. We're planning on having twice as many people.

- Tommy H., Phoenix, Ariz.

FRAT HOUSE BATHROOM

I was at the nearby frat's first house party of the school year. Frat boys holding red plastic cups full of kegged beer were everywhere, and everyone was having a good time. Towards the middle of the party and after a few brews myself, it started happening again. My pussy was telling me it wanted a man. I pictured him licking my pussy. Thinking about it gave me chills so I excused myself from my group of girlfriends to find one, and I did. He was on the couch talking to another girl.

I just couldn't go over there and

disrupt them. I don't think either one would like it so I decided to text him instead. I went back to my girl group and one had his number. I went back to the couch-bound couple and sent him one.

Within a few minutes he pulled out his phone and looked up and found me. Our eyes met and I mouthed to him that I needed him. He turned over to the girl and said something to her which gave him permission to leave. He walked over to me and pulled me away from the couch.

I whispered in his ear that I wanted him now and would not take no for an answer. In order to make it more enticing, I added that

it wouldn't take very long and he would really like it. Then he could go back to that girl.

I grabbed his balls through his pants just to remind him how serious I was. He let out a deep moan. I let go. I didn't want the whole fucking party to see us with my hands in his pants!

We needed somewhere to be

alone. I grabbed his hand and we wandered throughout the frat's mansion. True to form, all the bedroom doors were locked. I kicked the door of the last bedroom to no avail.

He grabbed my waist and pulled me close and nibbled my ear before sucking and kissing my neck. I moaned. His right hand

PICTURED HIM LICKING MY PUSSY. THINKING ABOUT IT GAVE ME THE CHILLS.

left my waist and worked its way down my dress. He touched my thigh before running his hand up to my pussy and began teasing it. Soon I realized we were in the middle of the hallway and that anyone could see us. I broke off from his kisses and told him to follow me.

Finally we found a bathroom. I took off my heels and pulled







him into the biggest stall I could find and locked the door, looked him right in the eyes and smiled. He kissed me passionately and during the kiss he unzipped my dress and it fell to the floor. I unfastened his belt and pushed it down to his knees. Then he broke off the kiss and picked up one of my legs by the thigh and touched my pussy with the other.

We continued kissing and he slowly put my thigh down after exploring my sex so I could stand. He took his shirt off and I kissed his chest down to his abs. Just as I put my hands on his underwear he backed off and got on his knees as he gently pushed me down so I could lie on my back. Then he crawled between my legs and pulled my lacy panties aside to reveal my wet pussy.

As he licked my clit slowly, I let out a gasp then a moan. He looked up at me as his mouth engulfed my mons and his tongue found my clit. I couldn't help but close my eyes and wait for him to do something more. I opened my eyes and looked down to see his head get lost between my legs. My back arched in satisfaction as he slid three fingers in my pussy.

I grabbed my boobs and watched his fingers slide in out of my pussy. His mouth and tongue licked my wet pussy clean. My hips bucked up and down and my juices flowed on his fingers. He pulled his fingers out and sucked all my juices off. He picked me up and pinned me against the cold bathroom wall.

He leaned in and kissed me then surprised me when his dick rammed into my pussy hard and fast. In and out in and out. I moaned loudly and placed my hand on my clit and rubbed it in circles while he was still fucking me. Suddenly, he stopped fucking me and turned me around. My back is now facing him. He runs his hands up and down my body and slaps my ass again. He shoved his dick into my wet pussy; his balls continued hitting my pussy for awhile.

I felt my body tense up and a sensation ran throughout my body. My knees were giving in again and I couldn't even keep the rhythm of his fuck. I was going to cum any second now. His arms wrapped around me and rubbed my pussy around in circles until I was a melted bowl of ice cream. I slid down on the tile floor where my orgasm subsided.

When my eyes opened I found him on top of me. I stroked his rock hard cock, then I squeezed it hard. I pushed him off from being on top of me and got on all fours and crawled over to

him. I took his cock in my mouth and tasted my juices on his dick.

I teased his hard on by swirling my tongue around the head. Then I stroked it hard and fast, the way every guy likes it. His eyes shut, his head tilted back and I felt his cock tense up. I gave it one last hard squeeze and as I let go, his cum squirted out fast and thick.

I laid on my back beside him and played with myself. I grabbed my boobs and inserted two fingers in my pussy. I rubbed my clit in circles and moaned as my feet started to curl. He watched me masturbate and my body froze with the echoes of my moans from my orgasm filling the bathroom. And, apparently, the hallway and the entire frat house.

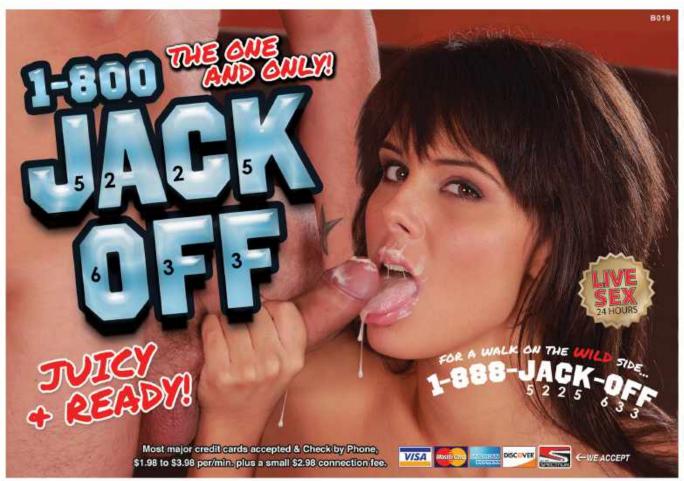
I looked up and there must have been twenty people straining to get a look into the stall and

HE SHOVED HIS DICK INTO MY WET PUSSY, HIS BALLS CONTINUED HITTING MY PUSSY

applauding. I grabbed at my clothes but they had taken them and left me completely naked. I recovered quickly and tried to make the most of it by yelling "Next!"

- Justine D., Bakersfield, Cali

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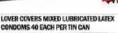
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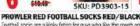
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ngstander for yourset, the regi-quality metathoys comfortably in-place with an elastic tabels strap-felightened sensor y awareness can each to exceedinary time sessions for both you and your pareness. Keep your lower in a pleasurable stone of its reensured among vision

from heightens their sexual desir

Football socio are a kinky fetish for guys who like the rough and ready thought of sportymen, and these social have been designed to look both authentic and fetish inspired. Made from soft material, these social an ride up to the kniee and floatule three colored stripes at the top, as well as the Proviet Pawlingo just below them.

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Freeze in 1) * Schools Beach in the bedroom and add some spark to your box 8 and 1 seed to make of load 5 before and other maging old and temporar freeze in one of the other spagners of the other bedroom receive with the other bedroom receive in the other bedroom received as well as the pleasure of being correctived.



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Courtney and Kelly are pretty close friends — and often lovers. While visiting a set a year ago they met and became instant friends. Quietly, in the back, they were all over each other. Hellos turned into kisses and, well, you know. Since then they have done a few scenes together and so they know how to turn on the heat.

































































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